



John L. Hobbie

If organizations do not like to hear the truth why do they ask Mayor Gaynor to talk to them?

"The American Eagle is a male." BUT (as we have often said editorially), HIS MOTHER WAS A FEMALE.

Wall street admits that it does not want business disturbed because it will injure the working man.

Some Spook Stories.

By David A. Curtis.

SOMETHING over forty years ago John Holbrook found himself living alone on a mountainside in the south-eastern part of Tennessee.

After peace had been declared the few stragglers who returned to their ruined homes had found conditions so changed that they had drifted away with those of their families who had remained until the little cabin in which Holbrook lived with his aged mother was the only inhabited one in the neighborhood.

After the neighbors left these two remained, the son caring for the feeble old woman as well as he could, hoping almost against hope for the time to come when he could take her to some better place, and eking out their scanty fare by shooting and fishing, till finally death eased the unhappy woman and he was wholly alone.

With nothing to bind him to the old place longer, he made the few necessary preparations and was about to go away himself when the threatening weather decided him to postpone his departure until an impending storm should have

A man says he went bankrupt and now can't support his family. He used the old style system of bankruptcy; he should have gone into it scientifically.

Poker playing, by women, has been prohibited in Chicago. The way they played the game must have been a sin.

A woman complains that her husband quit kissing her as soon as they were married. Why should he want to quit then? The damage was already done.

Since the official count has been made it is learned that in the recent election the donkey and the elephant were horse-and-horse.

ok Stories.
A. Curtis.
Publishing Co. (The New York World).
exhausted itself.

Hour by hour the tempest grew more furious until, near midnight, he was awakened by an unusually furious gust of wind that shook the frail house to its foundations. At the same instant a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the room, and to his amazement he saw his mother, standing by the chair, beckoning to him.

"Come," she said, and turned as if to open the door and go out. Instinctively he sprang forward and laid his hand on the latch, thinking for the instant that he must prevent her going out into the storm, and forgetting that she was dead.

But she smiled, and repeating the single word "come," she passed directly through the closed door, and he, unable yet to realize that he had been face to face with a spirit, threw the door open and followed when he saw her leading toward the road.

Hardly had he gone a dozen steps

when another lightning bolt struck the house. The shock was so great as to throw him to the ground, but recovering himself and seeing no more of his mother, he staggered away to find shelter.

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I'M GOING
OUT DUCK
SHOOTING!

BRING ME A DUCK, SMITH

I SURE
WILL IF I
KILL ANY!

YES, I GOT THREE, AND I PROMISED JONES ONE. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM, I'D RATHER GIVE IT TO SOMEBODY THAT WILL DO ME SOME GOOD

WHY JOHN

OH MR. JONES,
PAPA SAID HE
WASN'T GOIN'
TO GIVE YOU
A DUCK 'CAUSE
YOU DIDN'T DO
NOTHIN' FOR HIM.

I DIDN'T
DO NOTHIN'
BUT I WONT
DO IT
AGAIN:

By J. K. Bryans

"Hi, you, Willie, de ice is fine. Ain't you comin' out?"
 "Dear me, no! I'm afraid I might spoil my nice new skates!"

"How do you know these are teacher's footprints?"
"I can see the stubbed place in the toe where he kicked me
week."

"He's Surrounded by a Yes-Yes Chorus That Make Him Believe He's the Greatest Ever!"

**Founded on Charles Klein's
... Play for Rose Stahl ...**

[illegible]

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

"**A**BSURD!" he exclaimed vigorously. "I have never seen you constantly. It is purely a matter of business. Besides, I speak to plenty of other women."

But Maggie was not to be cajoled. Under the stress of this crisis, she forgot the hamper of elegance, and went with a verbal rush:

"And does Hargen think it's necessary to chase after me, too? I guess not! Well, you'll know as the Colonel says, 'any man will chase the shoelace'."

district. Any time any one calls to see you they're sent here, always because you're here—always! You got back from Europe with an awful black eye morally. It don't matter a rap whether you're satisfied or not. You got it, or not—you got it, and they're not going to let you lose it, if they can help it. And you've raised my salary so often that I'm enough of a man to tell the village toilers want a job with you. * * * And, anyhow, they're talking and that's all there is to it—and a lot too much, I tell you! So, there, near tears as she concluded that Joseph eagerly grasped at the first chance to change the subject, since further discussion of the subject would inevitably carry her beyond self-control.

"Now that's what puzzles me" he remarked, in a tone as casual as he could command. "What's the use of the earth you do with all your money. You have a comfortable salary—though nothing like what you deserve, even. It has been raised once or twice, but you want more. You want more. You want a thousand dollars advance. The question in your case is not, 'How do I see it?' but, 'What does she do with it?' You don't want to go back to run your place, and pay Margie's bills; and you haven't any old folk support. I don't want to pry, but I own up to a good, healthy curiosity. It's a shame, but I can't help it." * * * And about that thousand, of course I'll attend to that for you."

His words comforted the girl greatly. As she had hoped they would, they lessened her doubts, and she took her leave with a glow of hope for the future.

scandal to her other trouble, for which she had strength aplenty. She dared not now to look up at him, timidly, trustingly. She could not little the tenderest of friends, and she knew that he did not realize all the meaning in her glance, felt the appeal of it thrill throughout him. There was no thought of the girl's disloyalty toward the girl to whom he was betrothed, was no conscious feeling of love or passion toward the girl there before him as he bent still nearer and dropped his head, as if to kiss her forehead on the desk. He knew and felt only the warm sympathy that friend may give to friend in joy or pain. * * * At least that was all. Far less was available in the contact of his hand, inexpressibly grateful to the girl; the pulse of it vibrated through her blood, beat in her heart. The tenderness in his hand, the softness of his touch, was so deeply, so that Joseph grew from the warmth of it, and thought how beautiful a thing was friendship.

"I can't lose you out of my life," he said, and she gave him a friendly smile now, you must let me be yours."

A slight noise nearby startled the two. Though there was no guilt in the heart of either, yet they moved apart, and Joseph turned to look at the intruder, unlooked to stare indignantly at the intruder. As she recognized the man, standing a little way behind Joseph, Maggie's face, which had flushed darkly, grew pale, and she said:

"Excuse me," the newcomer said, with jaunty insolence, as the proprietress of the establishment glared at him, "I've just known I was intruding, though this was my own office."

grinned maliciously at the two, and even forgot the proprieties so far as to wink at the indignant Joseph.

"It's all right, Mr. Holbrook," Maggie exclaimed hastily, for she saw that the young man was on the verge of an explosion. "It's some one I know."

"Very well, then," the master of the place remarked in his most official voice, "if you have any accusation against the person who had appeared at such an inopportune time: 'I'll see you again about the estimates.'"

This for the benefit of the creature who had dared to quarrel with such disgusting freedom. Having thus delivered himself, he chose not to ring for the elevator, but went out by the door.

At once, Maggie turned angrily on the visitor.

"Hold you right to come here, Mr. Darkin," she said coldly. Her manner was so different from the one she had assumed the higher "ord." "Why have you ventured to disobey me?"

The man whom she addressed was a slender handsome, in a florid way, the disconcerting contrast with more eminently a villain. He drew away from the desk nonchalantly, plainly not well impressed by the girl's disdainful reprimand.

"You were not at home," he explained succinctly, "so I came here. Now, I've got a proposition to make. Since I'm out of jail, I've got a bunch to go for. Well, I've got a lot of things to sell. Right away. I need a little money to start a game. . . . Give me five thousand dollars for that, and we'll never see each other again."

He pulled out a small note and a small bill of sale, and said that he would

to her again. So help me, on the level!" He threw out his chest, and stroked a mustache that had doubtless worked much havoc in feminine hearts of a color. "I pledge you my sacred word of honor!"

Maggie ignored his bombast.

"You've actually no claim on the girl," she said firmly, with her eyes boring into his. "You know it."

"I'm a fool too long. You've been blackmailing me for months, and I'm done. You can do anything."

"Her mother has a claim," the man retorted, with a smile. "She can do something, and don't you forget it, Miss High-and-lofty. Blackmail nothing! The girl's ours; if you want her, come. I'll give a friend a pal of mine, who stands up for his rights."

Maggie recoiled in horror. She understood only too well the hideousness of his meaning. In a new fear she sought to escape.

"I can't give it to you—I haven't it," she declared wearily. "You've drained me dry. I'm sorry, but I haven't it, and I can't get it."

Barbaric in his mockery,

"That'll do for you," he sneered. "Don't give me any more of that stuff. I've got eyes in my head, and what I've seen I'll never forget. You've got a strong pull with this Mr. Joseph Brooks—even if I hadn't heard all about you two before. Fine one you are to bring up a young girl! Guess I'd better get a little something with me."

"• • • Still, I must strain a point, if you pony up just now."

But the vicious creature had overshot the mark, for once. His malignant intention, to tempt Maggie into a pro-

he had expected, served only as the stimulus which required for a new disclosure. She sat perfectly motionless until he had done, her eyes downcast, so that he could not see the flames that were kindled in her mind. He waited at last for lack of another obscene libel, she continued silent for a little, seeking vain sufficient for words. In her attitude of submission he read the evidence of victory, and stood up, waiting the confession of defeat.

It was just then that Joseph re-entered the room. Maggie barely glanced at him, and he turned to the desk. Her whole feeling was a desire to kill the man who had just insulted her.

"Here's that check for a thousand," Joseph said briefly, laying the slip of paper on the desk before her. "I thought I'd attend to it right away."

Still, Maggie paid no heed; but Darwin stepped forward eagerly to take the check of disappointment as he read the figures on the check. Then he addressed the girl in a tone of supercilious confidence:

"You must be like this now. If you'll indorse it over, and you can fix it up to get the balance from your friend any time within a month. . . . That'll do me."

"If I can be of any service!"—Joseph suggested doubtfully, with a suspicious glance toward the speaker.

By a violent effort Maggie subdued her murmur and was sufficiently answered. But, first, she picked up the check and tore it into fragments. At the sound of her voice Darwin started in haste to check her, but she took no notice.

"I should like to have you kill this man for me, right here and now," she said, with a wam smile for Joseph, "but I shan't let you, on your own account. You may tell him, however, that he will be arrested for blackmail, and that he will never get another dollar from me."

Under the eyes of wrath which whirled in her head, Joseph, who had decided not to stand upon the order of his going, "I'll fade now," he called over his shoulder, as he hurried toward the elevator, which was just appearing within the shaft.

He waited until he was safe within and the door shut before venturing any more. From the door, over the corridor, he saw the girl hurrying away, warning: "Talk it over, Maggie. I'll give you just a week to make up your mind as to whether Zaza goes with me or not. By that time I'll be gone."

With that he shot from sight.

Left alone with Joseph, Maggie stood for a minute in silence, a tremble under her skin, her eyes overcast, and emotion. The young man remained attentive, respectfully solicitous, yet anxious to avoid anything that could intensify her feeling in any way. It was his instinct—possibly his training—that he should not get into his arms, and there comfort her as one might a tired child. Nevertheless, he did not quite dare. A secret party seemed to be in the air, and he was not to know, though he wanted it was he could not see. So, he waited discreetly, ready to serve her, but with no over display of zeal to cause alarm.

At last she turned to him; her red lips curled toward a smile that was more

HILLIARD

Please go now. I will thank you another time. I've been through so much to-day—I can stand. I'm going home right away—I must go—and rest!" She was full of longing for the shelter of his arms. But in her heart was something he must never know. She must bid him quickly now, or it would be no faith.

"Go," she breathed. "Oh, go—quick!"

For the sake of that friendship which he bore her Joseph yielded obedience, though his conscience cost him dear. He stood, drooping. He went with lagging steps, but he was faithful to her command, and passed out of the room without a backward look.

A few minutes later, when he returned, too, a curious new knowledge began its dawning.

(To Be Continued.)

"You'll Love Me Yet."

YOU'LL love me yet! And I carry Larry

You'll love's the protracted growing; time reared that bunch of flowers you carry,

From seeds of April's sowing.

plant a beautiful now, some seed
At least a sure to strike
and yield—that you'll not pluck indeed.
Not love, but, may be, like,
You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Four look? That pays a thousand thanks
What's death? You'll love me yet!
—Dorothy L. Sayers —